

BOTCHKAREVA MADLY LEAPS INTO RIVER TO AVOID CAPTURE BY BRUTAL HUSBAND

Prominent Figure in Russian Revolution Continues the Tragic Story of Her Early Married Life

Rescued After Attempted Suicide, She Seeks Divorce, Then Runs Away, to Fall Into Hands of White Slavers

Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Co. (This story, told by Maria Botchkareva, and translated by Isaac Don Levine, is published by Frederick A. Stokes Company under the title of "Yashka.")

THIS STARTS THE STORY
In the early summer of 1912 the world was thrilled by a news item from Petrograd announcing the formation of one Maria Botchkareva of a women's fighting unit under the name of "The Battalion of Death." With this announcement an obscure Russian peasant girl made her debut in the international hall of fame. This is her story told by herself. The first installment told of her early childhood. While still a child she became a heroine in a little village story. At fifteen she became disaffected with her lot and arranged a position as domestic in a well-to-do family, where the son of the house wins her heart and then deserts her, she marries a man in her own class, who beats her, and she leaves him.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

I WAS then free to go to Barnaul, and I resumed my journey. When I arrived there my sister quickly found employment for me on the steamship. The work was comparatively easy, and my life rapidly took a happier turn. It was such a relief to be away from the drunken, brutal, savage husband.

But the relief was short-lived. Afanasi came to my mother after my disappearance to inquire for my whereabouts. She evinced surprise upon hearing of my flight, denying all knowledge of my destination. He returned to our house again and again. One day in his presence the mail-carrier delivered a letter from Shura. He seized it, and through it learned that I was in Barnaul.

One morning, as I was standing on the deck of the ship, which was anchored in the harbor, my eyes suddenly fell on a figure approaching the wharf. It was a familiar figure. In another moment I recognized it as that of Afanasi. My blood froze and my flesh crept as I sensed what was coming.

"Once fallen into his hands, my existence would become one of continuous torture," I thought. "I must save myself."

But how could I escape? If I were on land I might still have a chance. Here all avenues are closed. There, he is already approaching the gate to the wharf. He is stopping to ask a question of a guard, who nods affirmatively. Now, he is walking a little faster. His face wears a grin that strikes terror into my heart. I am trapped. . . . But no, just a moment, Afanasi. Don't celebrate yet. I rush to the edge of the deck, cross myself and jump into the deep waters of the Ob. Ah, what a thrill it is to die! So I have outwitted Afanasi, after all. It's cold, the water is cold. And I am going down, down. . . . I am glad, I am triumphant. I escaped from the trap. . . . into the arms of death.

I awoke, not in Heaven, but in the hospital. I was observed jumping into the river, dragged out unconscious, and revived.

The authorities questioned me as to the cause of any attempted suicide, and drew up a protocol. I told them of my husband, of his brutality, and of the utter impossibility of living with him.

Afanasi was waiting in the ante-room, to see me. My attempt at drowning had upset him tremendously. It aroused a sense of shame in him. Touched by my story, the authorities went out and angrily rebuked him for his maltreatment of me. He pleaded guilty, and swore that he would be gentle to me in the future.

He was then admitted to the ward in which I lay. Falling on his knees, he begged my forgiveness, repeating his oath to me and professing his love for me in the most endearing terms. His pleas were so compelling that I finally consented to return home with him.

For a while Afanasi was truly a different man. In spite of his coarse habits, I was deeply moved by his efforts at tenderness. However, that did not last long. We resumed our old drugging toll. And vodka reared its grip on him. Once drunk, he would turn savage again.

Gradually life with Afanasi grew as terrible as before my escape. That was I turned nineteen, and I saw of me nothing but an infinite series of dreary years. Afanasi wanted me to take to drink. I resisted, and that infuriated him. He made it a habit to torment me daily, holding a bottle of vodka to my face. Deriding me for my efforts to lift myself above my environment, he resorted to blows and tricks to force the bitter drink down my throat. One day he even stood over me with a bottle of vodka for three whole hours, pinning me down to the ground so that I was unable to move a muscle. I remained unquarrelable.

One day came. I baked bread for a day. I went to church to see the priest. I went to church to see the priest. I went to church to see the priest.



Street in Irkutsk

bondage. Again the thought of escaping wormed itself into my mind. The first requisite was, of course, a passport, so I went secretly to a lawyer for advice, and he undertook to obtain one for me legally. But hard luck attended me. When the police constable called to deliver the passport to the Afanasi was at home. My scheme was discovered and I trapped. Afanasi jumped at me and bound me hand and foot, deaf to my entreaties and cries. I thought my end had arrived. In silence he carried me out of the house and tied me to a post.

It was cold, very cold. He flogged me, drank, and flogged me again, cursing me in the vilest terms.

"That's what you get for trying to escape," he bawled, holding the bottle to my mouth. "You won't escape any more. You will drink or you will die!"

I was obdurate and implored him to leave me alone. He continued his flogging, however, keeping me for four hours at the post, till I finally broke down and drank the alcohol. I became intoxicated, staggered out into the street, and fell to the pavement in front of the house. Afanasi ran after me, cursing and kicking me. We were quickly surrounded by a crowd. My neighbors who knew of his cruelty to me, came to my defense. Afanasi was roughly handled by the people, so roughly, indeed, that he left me in peace for some time afterward.

Christmas was fast approaching. I had saved, little by little, fifty rubles. Every kopeck of that money was earned by extra toil during the night. It was all the earthly possession that I had, and I guarded it jealously. Somehow, Afanasi got wind of his hiding place and stole it. He spent it all on drink.

I was crazed with fury upon discovering the loss. What the money meant to me in the circumstances is difficult to describe. It was my blood, my sweat, a year of my youth. And he, the beast, squandered it in one orgy. The least I could do to my torturer was to kill him.

Frantically, I ran to my mother, who was struck by the expression of my face.

"Marusia, what ails you?"

"Mother," I gasped. "Let me have an ax. I am going to kill Afanasi."

"Holy Mother, have mercy!" she exclaimed, raising her hands to Heaven and falling on her knees, exhorting me to come to my senses. But I was too frantic with rage. I seized an ax and ran home.

Afanasi returned, drunk, and began to taunt me with the loss of my precious savings. I was white with wrath and cursed him from the depth of my heart. He gripped a stool and threw it at me. I caught up the ax.

"I will kill you, you blood-sucker!" I screamed.

Afanasi was stupefied. He had not expected that from me. The desire to kill was irresistible. Mentally, I already gloated over his dead body and the freedom that it would bring me. I was ready to swing the ax at him.

Suddenly the door flew open and my father rushed in. He had been sent by my mother.

"Marusia, what are you doing?" he cried out, gripping my arm. The break was too abrupt, my nerves collapsed, and I fell unconscious to the floor. Upon awakening I found police authorities in the house, and I told them everything. Afanasi was taken to the police station, while the police officer, a very humane person, advised me to leave town to get away from him.

I got my passport, but my money was gone. I could not afford to buy a ticket to Irkutsk, where Shura had moved from Barnaul. Determined to go at all cost, I boarded a train without a ticket. The conductor discovered me on the way, and I cried and begged him to allow me to proceed. He proposed to hide me in the baggage car and take me to Irkutsk, on condition that I . . . Enraged, I pushed him violently from me.

"I will put you off at the next station," he shot at me, running out of the car. And he kept his word.

Nearly all the distance to Irkutsk was yet before me, and I wanted to get there without selling myself for the price of a ticket. There could be no thought of going back. I had to get to Irkutsk. I boarded the next train, stealthily crouched under a bench, as it moved out of the station.

Ultimately I was discovered, but this conductor was an elderly man and responded to my tears and implorations. I told him of my experience with the first conductor and of my total lack of money. He allowed me to proceed, but as soon as an inspector would board the train the conductor would signal to me to hide under the bench. Sometimes I would

spend several hours at a stretch there, concealed by the legs of some kind passenger. In such a manner I journeyed for four days, finally reaching my destination—Irkutsk.

A LITTLE HAPPINESS

I ARRIVED in Irkutsk without money. All I had was what I wore. I went to look for my sister, who was in poor circumstances and sick. Her husband was out of work. One could not expect an enthusiastic welcome under such conditions. I lost little time in seeking employment, and quickly found a place as a dishwasher at nine rubles a month. It was an unbearable task, in a filthy hole patronized by drunkards. The treatment I received at the hands of the clients was so revolting that I left at the end of the first day.

On the third day I found work in a laundry, where I had to wash hundreds of pieces daily. From five in the morning till eight in the evening I was bent over the washbasin. It was rough labor, but I was forced to stay at it for several weeks. I lived with my sister in one small room, paying her rent. Presently I began to feel pains in my back. The hard work was telling on me. I resolved to leave the laundry, although my sister opposed it. I had no money saved.

Having had experience in concrete work, I applied for employment to an asphalt contractor. He was kind enough to give me a trial as an assistant foreman on a job he was doing at the Irkutsk prison. I was to take charge of ten men and women laborers.

When I began I was met by an outburst of mirth on all sides. "Ha, ha," they laughed, "a baba! assuming a foreman's place!"

I paid no heed to the ridicule and proceeded about my business quietly and gently. The men obeyed, and as they perceived that I knew what I was about, began even to gain respect for me. I was given for that first test the preparing of a floor. Stretching myself on the ground with the rest of the party, planning and working a couple of hours ahead of my schedule, and marched the men triumphantly out of the building, to the utter amazement of the other foremen. My boss was all merriment.

"Look at this baba!" he said. "She will have us men learning from her pretty soon. She should wear trousers."

The following day I was put in charge of twenty-five men. As they still regarded me as a queer novelty,

I addressed a little speech to them, telling them that I was a plain peasant worker, only seeking to earn my bread. I appealed to their sense of fairness to co-operate with me. Sending for some vodka and sausages I entertained them and won their good will completely. My men called me "Manka" affectionately, and we got along splendidly. I was such a phenomenon that the contractor himself invited me to his home for tea. His wife, who was a very kind soul, told me that her husband had been praising me to her very much.

The great test, however, came several days later. I had to prove my ability in preparing asphalt and applying it. We were all at work at 4 o'clock in the morning. As the quality of asphalt depends on the proportions of the elements used, the men were waiting rather amusedly for my orders. But I gave them without hesitation, and when the boss arrived at 6 o'clock he found the kettles boiling and the laborers hard at work, pouring the asphalt on the gravel.

This work must be done without relaxation, in awful heat and suffocating odors. For a whole year I stayed at it, laboring incessantly, with no holidays and no other rest. Like a prodigium, always in motion, I would begin my daily cycle before dawn, returning home after sunset, only to eat and go to bed to gain strength for another bleak day's round.

At the end I broke down. I caught cold while working in a basement, and became so weak that I was taken to the Kuznetsov Hospital, where I was confined to bed for two months. When I recovered and rested for about a week, I returned to my job, but found it occupied by a man who had been especially brought from European Russia. Besides, there wasn't much work left for the firm in Irkutsk.

My sister and her husband moved back to Tomsk about this time, and my situation grew desperate. I looked for a place as a domestic servant, but having no reference, I found it impossible to obtain one. The little money I had finally gave out. My only friends in town were the Semenovskys, neighbors to my sister. I lived with them, but they were poor themselves, and so, for days at times, I would go hungry, my only sustenance consisting of tea.

One day I applied at an employment agency and was informed, after being asked if I would agree to leave town, that a woman had been there looking for a servant, and offered to pay twenty-five rubles a month. I instantly expressed my willingness to go with her. She appeared in the afternoon,

young, beautiful, elegantly dressed, her fingers and neck adorned with dazzling jewels. She was so tender to me, eyed me carefully, asking if I was married. "I have been," I replied, "but I escaped from my husband about two years ago. He was such a brutal drunkard." I was then in my twenty-first year.

The lady, whose name was Anna Petrovna, gave me ten rubles to pay the rent I owed. I met her at the station, where she was accompanied by several men friends, and we started together for Stretinsk, in a second-class coach. I had never been in one before in my life. Nothing occurred on the way. I was well fed and nicely treated by her. She spoke to me of their business, and I got the idea that her husband kept a store. Upon our arrival at Stretinsk we were met by a man and two young women. The man was introduced to me as her husband and the two women as her foster daughters. We drove home, where I was assigned to a neat little room.

I was getting uneasy. Things looked suspicious. "Where is the store?" I inquired.

"In the market," was the answer. Anna Petrovna took me by the arm and caressingly suggested: "Maruska, won't you dress up nicely? We will have guests tonight." And she handed me some very dainty and light garments, not at all befitting a servant. I was amazed, and objected strenuously.

"I never wore such bizarre clothes," Anna Petrovna. I am a plain working girl," and I blushed deeply. I was both ashamed and afraid. I had a premonition of evil. And when she handed me a very delectable gown I became thoroughly frightened.

But Anna Petrovna was persuasive and persistent, and I was finally induced into putting it on. It was so transparent that my cheeks flamed with shame. I refused to leave my room, but was forced by Anna Petrovna's coaxing to follow her. As I stepped on the threshold I saw several girls seated freely with men, drinking beer. A young man was standing aside, evidently anticipating our appearance. He moved toward us. Anna Petrovna had apparently promised me to him.

Stars were shooting before my eyes. I lost all my submissiveness and meekness. Seizing my clothes, I tore them wildly into shreds, stamping with my feet, cursing, shrieking and breaking everything that I could get hold of.

This outbreak lasted but a moment. Everybody in the room was stupefied to move before I ran out of the house, wrapped only in a shawl. I

hastened to the police station at a pace that made people in the streets think that I must be mad. Arriving there, I made my complaint to the officer in charge.

To all appearances he was little touched by my story. While I prayed for mercy and relief on my knees before him he was regarding me with amusement. He drew me near him. I was shocked and overwhelmed. He, whose duty it was to protect me, was clearly in alliance with the white slavers.

"You are all scoundrels and murderers!" I cried out in anguish. "You ought to be ashamed to take advantage of a defenseless girl."

He grew angry and ordered me locked up for the night. The cell was cold, dark and dirty. I had left my shawl upstairs. Enraged against the authorities, I broke all the windows and hammered continuously at the floors and walls till I was set free in the morning.

But my troubles had only begun. I had no place to go. For two days I wandered about town day and night. I was starved and worn out. Then I knelt on the bank of the river and prayed for half an hour. I prayed devoutly, pouring out my whole soul. It seemed to me that the Lord had heard my plea and I felt relieved.

*A woman in popular terminology.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Fruit-Juice Essences

Jiffy-Jell desserts carry real fruit flavors in essence form, in vials.

A wealth of fruit juice is condensed for each dessert. So you get a fresh-fruit dainty, healthful and delicious.

This is the new-type quick gelatine dessert—five times as good as the old kind.

Loganberry and Pineapple are two of the best flavors. Try them. They're found only in

Jiffy-Jell

10 Flavors, at Your Grocer's 2 Packages for 25 Cents

Go Out Fast As They Come In—

Those silk-lined suits (both men's and young men's of \$35 and \$40 quality are in such strong demand at

\$28

That it's a case of

Nip and Tuck Between Supply and Demand.

EVERYBODY who sees them declares that they are the finest and handsomest garments they have seen since before the world war broke out.

Silk trimmings chosen to "tone-in" with the cloths.

Handsomely tailored, fashionably designed.

All-wool, guaranteed for value and for wear.

\$28

From \$35 and \$40 Quality

William H. Wanamaker

1217-19 Chestnut St.



It's toasted

Between lunch and golf

Time for a Lucky Strike cigarette before the first tee. Lucky Strike is the famous toasted cigarette. The flavor of the Burley tobacco is developed and enriched by toasting.

LUCKY STRIKE cigarette

It's toasted. Try the real Burley cigarette. Buttered toast has flavor because it's toasted. Same with Lucky Strike Cigarette.



It's toasted

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

The Driver Under the Hood

If every truck owner in this city could keep his own hands on his truck—if they were always operated as carefully and efficiently as you owners would do it yourself what a great saving in upkeep it would mean. The Clydesdale Controller virtually enables you to do this.

THE Clydesdale Controller found only on Clydesdale Trucks controls the motor at all truck speeds. In this it differs radically from the ordinary truck governor which only limits the motor to a fixed maximum speed.

It almost seems as though this controller displays more than human intelligence in regulating the motor speed. The driver sets the throttle at a certain fixed speed which he wishes to maintain, and the controller does the rest. When he de-clutches, the controller slows down the motor automatically. When the clutch is engaged the motor speeds up again bringing the truck up to the fixed speed in the shortest possible time.

In going up or down a hill.

GAWTHROP & WISTER CO., Inc.
Dealer and Distributor
2218 MARKET ST. Locust 838

CLYDESDALE

MOTOR TRUCKS.